

as Bob pulled up on the second-to-last horse, Obstinado, then passed.

Down the home stretch, the announcer droned as if it didn't matter, "Coming up on the inside, it's Bob." The crowd began their swelling, oceanic roar, and I roared with them as Bob charged into the pack of tiny Nazis

flogging their mounts with the noisy, hard aggressiveness I'd learned to loathe and envy. Bob punched through them like a hot needle through leather, like light through black chain mail, winner by three lengths, going away.

I took my friends to dinner on my winnings: two dollars at twenty-three to one. But I only pretended to cash my ticket. And I watched the replay twice, tears in my eyes.

#### A FATAL FREUDIAN SLIP

— for Gerry Locklin

If the braless blonde in the tank top was really an old highschool friend he was just driving to a bus-stop, then why, his wife wanted to know,

did he first deny the blonde's existence, then try to change the subject, then go into a lengthy explanation about how he'd bumped into her at the library passing out Christian tracts, and how Platonic their friendship had always been.

He gulped and said  
"I didn't want you to get the right idea."